

World's Worst Murder Detective 2: Laws Stand Found!

By Adam Stark

Prologue:

This book is the sequel to 'World's Worst Murder Detective!' The story is about Powen Yootipopper. He may be the greatest example of being extremely intelligent, and incredibly stupid at the same time. He graduated at the top of his class with honors at Harvard University. His main problem... his ears are cursed! He hears as well as misinterprets things said to him, but it gets worse. He actually acts on them! Even if what he heard will put him in the complete opposite direction! Powen's passion will always be detective work, however there's a new found joy: Law practice. He became inspired by a lawyer who fought for him and won his case making him rich. Well, that became his second passion! He took one seemingly impossible case to trial, and ended up winning during a shocking turn of events! But he ended up losing his money at the end.

Chapter 1: Justice Is Serviced

I'm back at it again, Powen Yootipopper is officially back in business! I needed redemption for becoming broke. The victim's families had asked me: "How do you live with yourself?" I started asking myself the same thing, like what choice do I have? I don't have another roommate and I'm the only one paying rent? Apparently my ears were still cursed because the families were actually referring to some expression. Is it because I have 2 names? A first and a last name... never mind. I better stop now or I'll keep losing the audience. So the point is, I needed a big case! I got hired by a big firm for one reason... I was personally requested. That's right! My infamous trial that I emerged victorious previously became the catalyst for a career in the practice of law. This poor guy searched for hundreds of lawyers to no prospect, anticipation, or reconciliation. He needed ME! The one who took on the impossible case and won. I had shown the world that I had the power to defend the clients whom were always told to plea or settle it out. Nonsense! I never aimed to do that, I aimed to win a trial at all costs. This brought me a weird old man named Berry Northlander. That name was bad enough but his smell was worse. I couldn't stand that smell he had it was intoxicating. I'll take you back to when we met in person for the first time after we had spoke on the phone about going to trial.

Berry entered the firm and made his way in my office. I couldn't help but shout: "Where's my pizza? What do I gotta pay you first for it you pathetic slug!?" You know I'm a lawyer right? I'll make you so broke you'll be delivering on a skateboard and you'll have to sell drugs to pay your bills! Then, I'll prosecute you for selling drugs and I'll sell them better than you! I will change your existence as a whole... I will transform your life into that of a stentorian recidivist! And as far as your mother..." Berry scarcely interrupted: "I'm not the pizza guy! It's Berry Northlander, your client!" I was embarrassed, and relieved. I let him know my thoughts: "I apologize, I've had some bad pizza deliveries in the past. You know... you pay for the service of a pizza and they give it to you in a circular shape? That is terrifying! Square shape pizzas give you much more to eat from! I made a diagram projection once to prove it. You can view the photographs of each shape and use the pepperoni pieces as an internal yardstick for measuring. I found that every slice of pizza in this city has an average of 2.4 pieces of pepperoni. You measure the

pepperoni and each one is 2 inches across the diameter; 1 inch being the radius; to discover the result of the circumference of each piece I multiplied the radius, which is one inch, by 2 pi, which gave me 6.28318531 inches. I then calculated the surface area of the circular pizza..." Berry yells to get me to shut up: "Powen shut up! And I hear that timer going off is that your pay by the minute timer thing? Is that why your talking my ear off?" I was very intrigued. I asked: "No that's a timer for my food, what do mean pay by whatever timer? Why would I use that? Why should I get paid anyway if I don't win?" Berry couldn't believe I wasn't charging him tons of money like other lawyers. Mostly because I just wanted the feeling of victory more. He quickly changed the subject in the hopes that I wouldn't change my mind and start charging him a ton more. Berry announces: "Okay shut the hell up. We haven't even discussed my case yet, shall we start?" My cursed ears were at it again... I wondered how was it disgusting? I had to unfortunately ask: "In what way does it gross you out?" He threw his hands up in the air in disappointment. He shrieks: "WHAT?" I had to quickly respond because I didn't want to lose my first client at the new big firm. I said: "You just mentioned that the case brought you disgust? What was disgusting about it?" Berry covers his face with shame. He blurts out: "Wow! They weren't lying about you! You really can't be talked to? Your THAT bad?!" I decided to diffuse the situation, I went to go take a shit. When returned he was still there, so nothing was diffused. He just starting giving me the facts and practicalities of his case. He tells me: "Powen, I was honored and lucky enough to get this job! They produce so many products it's really overwhelming when you think about it... but... I was just one guy. I wasn't able to invent anything. I failed! The contract strictly says they have the power to let me go if I don't invent products via the job description. I'm telling you the truth, I did NOT have enough resources! But with that job contract, no other lawyer will take it to trial that I was unfairly let go. When my time came, they had a meeting, they decided not to let me be endorsed... and they fired me." I took some notes and went to his place of employment... that's the problem! My ears have led me to the wrong place again! I can't win with these things! I thought my client said: "They decided not to let me be indoors!" But he actually said: "They decided not to let me be endorsed!" I thought that was going to be a great motive for a lawsuit. Seriously, imagine your job that's suppose to be an indoor job, your managers told you that you have to stay outside! I would be pissed off! So I tried two subpoenas for the work orders for the door locks on the building first. After that, I tried to get subpoenas for the national weather service reps' to testify that the weather was cold that day. Needless to say, they weren't taken seriously. I couldn't figure out how they were okay with endangering his life by having poor Berry work in the parking lot? I tried to read the blueprints of the building to see if the roof had access on the outside. I wasted a lot of time because of my damn cursed ears! Well it hit that I heard Berry wrong when he called me at the courthouse asking where I was. I was able to make it on time to the probable cause hearing. It did not go well at all. Berry considered firing me. I think he would have fired me but wouldn't because I wasn't as expensive as the others.

Chapter 2: Flaw Firm

The big day is here! Trial! My favorite moments of my entire life's history by far, no debating! Berry met me in the hallway outside of the courtroom. He wore a nice looking suit. He was so nervous and it didn't help when he greeted me. He said: "Powen, what's the plan? I'm really worried about this case, you didn't really

ask me that many questions! So what's the strategy here!" I simply told him the truth... which he resented wholeheartedly. I truthfully told him: "None of the preconceived ideas have come to fruition. They simply did not work in our favor even slightly. However, your testimony is key to victory! I believe we can still win without an actual plan. You just take the stand, and promise me... you will answer me and tell the absolute truth over oath, okay?" Berry quietly venting his visceral hatred he harbored towards my plan: "POWEN! What the hell is the matter with you? I'm supposed to believe we can win this on a hunch! A stupid ass hunch! Powen we are going to lose because your such a fool! I wanted some justice damn you! And what do you mean I don't want to testify? You never even hinted at me testifying about anything?" I completely ignored his insults and responded: "We need to make the jury like you. Which brings me to the only part of my plan that I can control, your smell. Look man, yes offense, but you stink. You smell atrociously awful. The pores on your idiosyncratic body is constantly secreting rigorous torment. It would show perfidiousness on my part as well as show my ineptitude as your lawyer not to tell you this. Your scent has transitioned into a stench with the toxicity of a biohazard... your disgusting odor has no possible means of providing surreptitiousness for the jury's noses' nasal passages." Berry grabs my arm angrily and says: "How dare you! My big case is about to go down and instead of taking our time to make a plan, you insult me?! I don't even smell that bad anyways but that's not the point!" I handed Berry a stack of money. He looked down at it and I told ordered him: "The truth is, you smell bad. Take this and got to the store, buy some expensive cologne and put it on all over. We need the jury to like you! Go! Run! Make it back here in time!" Berry shoves the money in his pocket and whispered back to me: "I swear if I lose this case I'm going to crack the cologne bottle over your head when I'm done with it!" He took off and I made sure to eat a healthy lunch so I wouldn't be distracted at trial.

Berry came back and I noticed immediately a changed man! He smelled like cologne now! This was good, so far my plan was working. The judge entered the room and everyone stood up. The jury had to listen to their lawyers attack me and Berry, my goodness it was boring. Not even worth writing about. Basically he just told the jury that this was a frivolous lawsuit. I tried to object and say that the law suit that I was wearing was the same brand as his? I was then taught the definition of what a 'lawsuit' meant and was warned about being held in contempt by the judge. My opening statement was just simply that this is a regular citizen being picked on by a big company. Mostly I attempted to hammer the point that he just lost his job, and we should feel bad for him because he didn't even commit a crime. Evidence of 'Exhibit A' was being showcased to the court about the contract for the occupation Berry has signed. Berry went up to testify at my request! He held his hand up and swore to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I started in strong hollering: "Mister Northlander, is it true you worked for this company?" Berry answered: "Yes." I continued: "Did you sign this contract and understand the agreements made?" Berry answered briefly once more: "Yes I did." I continued: "So, why get upset then? You knew what you were getting into, and failed. So, can we all go home and call it a day? The jury looks bored I mean if I was on jury duty I would be pissed to have such a boring case!" The other lawyer screamed: "Objection!" And the judge sighed a deep breath. He just looked at Berry and told him to ignore the stupid comments I made and just answer my question. Berry looked at his old boss across the courtroom. He sternly said: "Because it

wasn't FAIR! It wasn't provided in good faith! I was given an insurmountable time limit and not enough resources to make inventions! I didn't have a fair chance! I shouldn't have been fired over that? That's nonsense!" The other lawyer was agitated and objected to the testimony to say: "Objection! Your honor the contract makes it clear for all to see that,-" before he could finish the judge cut him off. The judge told him: "Overruled, you'll get your chance to cross examine the witness, continue." I was happy on the inside, I saw the other lawyer start to lose composure. I hoped it would help my case. I made a huge mistake with my next choice of words when I asked: "If anyone is too stupid to be able to define the word 'insurmountable' which my client Berry just used can you please raise your hand and I will assist you?" The judge banged his gavel very loudly. He threatened to hold me in contempt if I said one more stupid comment. I uttered out the words: "Ladies and gentlemen and other, I apologize for that non-sequitur. I will rest and allow them to cross now." Their lawyer stood up and began to tap his fingers on the table's edge of the Judicial Well. He went right for the heart of his attack against Berry and said: "Berry, were you adequate for the job?" Berry responded: "Yes, I have an extensive work history and,-" The lawyer cut him off to say: "Thank you, you've answered it. Now how well could you be for the job if you never invented anything? It was a privilege for you to work for the company!" Berry angrily but calmly replied: "I would have! They truly did not give me the time or resources to!" At that moment I had an epiphany. I realized with Berry's pathetic work output, combined with the contract's wording, if taken LITERALLY... I could have a shot at winning this case! By using a paradox I could hopefully pull this off! Anyways their lawyer went back at Berry saying: "Like I said before, you were privileged with the opportunity to work there! They've hired people 40 years younger than you and they make it! Some people there have invented only 10 or so worthwhile products and they got paid and compensated for their time but, ultimately let go. This is a big league company, they needed the best people, not someone like you who invented nothing! In the contract it states you must invent! You couldn't even do that could ya?" Berry was so mad he was about to cry. He looked over at me and I showed him a big smile. I gave him a quick thumbs up and hope no one saw. Their lawyer sat down feeling like he just smelt victory. Not knowing that he actually smelt Berry's cologne. Anyways, it was time to unveil my paradox! I stood up and used a very serious tone of voice. I pointed at Berry and demanded: "Berry you are under oath! Answer me this question right now. At the time you spent working for the company, did you invent nothing!?" Berry saw me wink, I was hoping so strongly that he remembered when I instructed him to testify the pure honest truth, that he would. It paid off because he did. Berry responded: "Yes, it's technically true, I didn't invent anything." I had to get him to follow my lead, I started motioning my hand for him to finish my sentence when I started slowly saying: "So you invented..." Berry turned his head to the side in confusion and said: "... Nothing." I was so happy to hear him say that verbatim. I looked at the judge and said: "Your honor, I say you should throw us the victory right now! He just proved he actually WAS an inventor!" The judge was getting mad but the other lawyer angrily spoke before the judge could: "Your honor I object, Powen hasn't raised a defense and now he's blatantly lying? Berry was not an inventor which was the basis of him being let go!" The judge asks me: "What were you getting at Powen?" I kept pointing my finger at Berry while walking around the room. I started to explain my paradox! This was my last shot! I proclaimed: "You all heard that my client was fired because he wasn't an inventor... but that was incorrect. I have proof! You just heard not one, not two, but

THREE people in this courtroom say that Berry 'invented nothing' for the company! THATS RIGHT! He can't be someone who is not an inventor as they keep calling him, when he specified that he invented 'nothing' for the company! Nothing quote unquote was invented by Berry and Berry alone! He said it, I myself said it, and their company's lawyer just said it too, even before us! He was on the company's payroll, employed, and was given time and resources as their lawyer has been saying this whole time! So with those things being said, let's examine the contract itself, it specifically states that the employee signing this contract must invent a unique product for production to begin to be shipped to stores! Berry quite specifically was told to this courtroom by three different people, one being the victim himself under oath, uniquely invented 'nothing!' He did invent something, he 'invented' nothing! And it is proven to be unique because if you look at the company's statistics that they also used to attack Berry with, it shows you the lowest production of an employee fired by them, they made 4 products! That's right! Berry is the only employee in that company's entire history to invent 'nothing' and remains the only one!" The judge took his glasses off and looked like he was in deep concentration. He looks at me and says: "Oh so, are you trying to say that... within the parameters of the company he was using resources like the contract states and unique for inventing nothing?" The judge said that as if he was asking a teacher a question at school after class. I happily answered him: "Yes, your honor." The other lawyer looked baffled... he was whispering something to his clients and they looked like they were frantic! I needed the jury to see that! So Berry got off the stand. Both sides did our closing arguments which were a lot of the same of what you just read. The judge's comments towards me explaining my paradox unknowingly shaped my way to victory because WE WON! Berry was awarded a huge compensation from the company! I was happy to be rich again. Although I was even more happy to know that I wasn't going to get a cologne bottle broken over my head. Well, honestly I was even more happy then the aforementioned reasons for the fact that Berry had cologne on. Berry shook my hand and gave me a hug. He started to cry happily and told me: "Powen... you saved me big time! I was wrong about you, I'm really sorry I ever doubted you. You managed to make me feel like a winner again! I'm glad there's at least one lawyer in this country that will take the impossible cases to trial willingly!" I was euphoric! The feeling of victory in the courtroom is truly sensational. I let Berry know: "Thanks! It was an honor to serve you and make another jury my bitch!" Berry laughs and tells me: "Well, I have your next client for you! They'll be giving you a call Mister Yootipopper!" As he walked away all I could think about was my firm. What were they going to think?

I met with the firm partners to celebrate. They were shocked and impressed. Gordon is one of the partners who isn't really proud of his workers unless they net a few million annually. I went to tell him anyway. I announced: "Sir Gordon! I won my case! We've earned a great victory sir!" He was looking around his desk talking quietly to himself. He leans over and says: "Shut up! Shit for brains! I'm missing my scissors, make that your top priority to find them!" With those words, I took the demand too serious... I asked him: "What does this one look like? What color is it? Is it black? Does it have two equally symmetrical circles or does one side have an oblique shape?" He very energetically yelled: "Powen! It's a scissors! A damn scissors! Now can you give me it if you've found it?" I turned to my boss: "I'll work on developing a composite sketch of it, does this scissors have any distinctive features or markings on it? Does it say property of this firm? And when I put up

posters all over the city, how much of a reward should I propose for its discovery in good condition? Any indemnity deductions sir?" He made his eyes squint very short. He unpleasantly told me: "You are worthless! Hey everybody why did we hire this dumb fuck again!?" I walked away, but I was empowered by his words. He said I was worthless, so I figured he meant without finding his scissors I was worthless, right? So I made 8,000 posters of the scissors description and placed them strategically on every street throughout the city. I put the firm's phone number on it. Well that made things worse. We had hundreds of leads, or should I say, false leads because they were all dead ends. And by dead ends, I mean they were prank phone calls. I managed to almost redeem myself in Gordon's eyes. Sadly I fucked that up as well. I managed to find an exact copy of the scissors he was looking for, at a store. When I went up to him he yelled at me about the hundreds of phone calls the firm was getting that were all my fault. Then, he saw the scissors as I handed it to him. He actually said thank you... but then he took it back. Sadly, he asked me where I found his scissors, and I told him the name of the store that I bought them from. He was even angrier than I previously mentioned. I needed to now focus my attention on my new client. His case was very similar, but there was little to no chance of me winning. No plea deals desired once more, so I'm the man for the job!

Chapter 3: Time List

Berry handed over a huge client to me. Not with his hands, sorry if I mislead the audience. Or shouldn't I say mister-lead? Nevermind... anyways this was a very high profile case of a tycoon! He's an old man named Emmet Stormwrath. He didn't just pick me to represent him because of Berry's recommendation, he also found I was the only lawyer AGAIN willing to take his case to trial. NO PLEA DEALS, NO SETTLEMENTS, NO EXTINGUISHING LIABILITY! He strolls in to introduce himself. Emmet says to me: "Powen Yootipopper the champ! How's your morning?" I was taken by surprise when he said that. My ears caused a bad first impression on him. I said back to him: "Oh I'm not mourning nobody has died." He turned his face into a frown face instantly. Emmet tells me: "Well, okay just... let's go over the case shall we?" I knew he was upset, although I didn't figure out why at the time because I didn't realize he meant 'morning' as a general greeting subject. I sat down on my office couch with my notebook. I wanted to make sure about something. I prompted him: "So just to be clear in totality, you wish to discard all possible plea deals and or settlements if any come up?" He passionately tells me: "That's right Powen! I want them to lose to me! I shouldn't have been fired! They need to pay maximum damage! So long story short, all deals are off the table!" So I heard this, and I went into a frenzy in my brain. I had to give him some input. I said: "Oh don't worry, I only allow food on my table. I make some exceptions for silverware and beverages. And if I'm really feeling fancy I will have goldenware! I feel strongly opposed to any other items to be placed on my table, and feel strongly that it's inappropriate as well as irrational." Emmet was unlike most people who would yell at me and threaten me when I had my cursed ears do the talking for me. He just asked me simply: "Wait wait, is THAT why you take every case to trial? Because most opposing counsel use the jargon of saying: 'plea deal is on the table' and you strictly only allow food on your table here?" I told him the truth: "Yes." All he could say is: "Wow..." All I can tell you is the truth, unless it's boring then I'll just omit it from this book. Anyways, he started to finally explain his case to me. He continued: "Well, it all started with the purchase, when they bought more offices. I'm telling

you Powen, that may be the biggest factor in us winning this case. I strongly feel that there was something wrong with the purchase! Why would they buy a bunch of offices knowing that they would have to fire a bunch of employees? It doesn't make sense to me. But see I think, they used that as an excuse to get rid of me without having a clear bias against me in an easy lawsuit. So they basically blame it on the budgeting fail from the bad purchase! See, here's the point. I'm going to tell you why I'm mad." I decided to cut him off and interject: "Hey is there a lake or freshwater source next to your previous building of employment?" He scoffed and snorted back: "Powen, yes now pay attention! Their justification for firing me, along with the budgeting 'excuse' I'm going to call it; was the production output. They had this new kid, he was 22 years old. He worked for one year, and at the end of his year, he was able to produce 2,000 something units. I on the other hand, only produced a tad over 500 units." I unfortunately used my lack of logic to ask: "So 500 or so units on your one hand, what about your other hand?" He angrily bursted out yelling: "IT'S JUST A SAYING! It is an expression you neanderthal! I used both of my damn hands, now please pay attention! This is my life's work here! I'm on the verge of crying right now! Without that job I have nothing! No means of existing in a life that I earned with my hard work! They fucking screwed me! And they need to pay for it! Or make up for it! I feel so helpless! This is why I came to you Powen! You have done miracles in court, please will you take me serious and save whats left of my life?" I kept taking notes as he spoke to me. I told him: "Calm down, you could've just told me you were ambidextrous and you used both of your hands." He was very pissed off. He slammed his fist on the table. He got up and walked over to the window and looked so depressed. This reminds me of exactly why I do this job, to make money off of old people. I put my hand on the back of his shoulder for a moment. I let him know part of my plan: "Look I'm sorry, just remember it's not my fault, I am aware that the view outside of my window is lame but it was the only office I was allowed to take." He turned to look at me and became increasingly more angry. Honestly that man got mad at everything I said, what was his problem? I walked away slowly and let him know what I was up to... sort of. I said: "I got my notes, I'm going to investigate the bad perch's area by your old work building."

The big day came at last! I walked out of my office and waived at my bosses at the firm. Gordon asked: "What the hell do you think you are doing!" So I simply explained: "Waiving my hand, it's an integral part of the cease process of which I form a symbolic gesture representing my 'goodbye' as it is this firm's statutory obligation to be respectful to my superiors." Gordon stood up off of his chair feeling very annoyed. He screamed: "No not waiving your fucking hand you idiot! I meant not going for a plea? That's irresponsible! Make us money in a reasonable manor!" I basically wanted to calm him down so I said: "The client rejected the plea, so I'm going to do research on some fish." Gordon looked over at another employee. He quietly asked: "Powen said something fishy right? Please tell me that's what he said?! POWEN WAIT UP!" I was annoyed by Gordon's perspicacious delays. I turned my head towards him and waited by the entrance. I hollered: "What do you want?!" Gordon put on his coat and grabbed his keys. He announced: "I'm going to second-chair this trial of yours. I'll drive, we'll take my car. Your car door is squeaky and it sucks!" I truly never ever heard of that term 'second-chair' before. But the day just went slower as we ended up in traffic and he screeched! I asked: "What is wrong now?" Gordon points at his dash in the car and says: "I'm almost out of gas! I need to get gas dammit! Why don't you tell me BEFORE I go into traffic that the gas is

low!" I was perplexed, I challenged his diatribe by saying: "Are you yelling at me or the car?" Gordon ignores my remark as he pulls into a gas station. He hands me a 20 dollar bill and says: "Powen, please go put 20 in my car?" I went inside and came back to Gordon to say: "Gordon you gotta give me another 20 dollars! I put 20 gallons in your car like you asked me to and 20 dollars isn't enough by a long shot." Gordon screams at me: "YOU FUCKING CLUELESS BRAINLESS WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT! I obviously meant 20 dollars worth of gas! Fine take it and pay it we got to get going now you jerk!" I didn't say a word out loud as I went back inside the gas station. I remember thinking, doesn't anybody else know how to do math anymore? Fucking hell! Wait a minute, math, to determine values of specific numbers... oh my goodness. It was like I was waking up from an educational dream. I was thinking about what mathematic equations could I use in court to make the jury remain my bitch? I still hadn't figured out how to apply it to the case yet. I got back in the car with Gordon. He glances over at me to say: "You don't have any brains at all!" I was going to explore a lengthy discourse with Gordon about how human survival depends on the brain. I was going to use a lot of giant words too but he cut me off. I uttered out: "Incorrect, I..." He cuts in to tell me: "That was a rhetorical question!" I answered by saying: "I'm aware and I gave you a rhetorical answer." Gordon just shook his head sideways horizontally in a negative gesture. When we got to the courthouse, I had him drop me off out front. I went inside of the wrong building on purpose while he was looking. When he was out of my peripheral vision, I ran to the correct building to see Emmet.

Emmet assumed that I was doing what he hoped for, which would be: investigating something relative to the actual case. But no, my cursed ears have screwed me up again... He said there was something wrong or possibly bad about the purchase! I thought he was talking about the fish, called the perchs! Like more than one perch fish. Which is also why I asked him if there was a lake or a freshwater source by that work building. He wishes he would have caught on to me. It was just merely a few hours before the biggest court trial of his lifetime. This was going to decide the type of life Emmet was going to have from this very point, until he dies. No way could he acquire another job with even half as much pay. Well, he was seismically disappointed when he saw me. It was bad enough when I let him know that I spent all that time studying the perch's in the area. That's right, I studied fish dammit! My cursed ears were convincing me to find out what I could about those specific fish in the area. What their eating habits were... how they would mate... and in what form or fashion could they have influenced Emmet's bosses to fire him? When I told Emmet that my time was spent doing those meaningless things, he fell to the floor and broke down crying. What really made this situation worse then it already was, became the fact of the timing. Not only just hours before court... but we already had summary judgement, and it was far too late to request a continuance. I had a hunch about something... I was thinking about the research I did on the perch. I was thinking about their average life span. Accompanying my theory was also Gordon yelling at me even though I was one who used math successfully. Pondering my incomplete plan, I decided to ask Emmet about his age: "So how old are you Emmet?" He was flustered as can be. He sighed loudly and said: "A sympathy vote? Is that what your looking for with the jury? That's not going to win this? What kind of lawyer are you!" I looked at my notes and replied with an energetic response: "No! We're not going to need it! I think I have my plan all figured out! Now please tell me how old you are and don't exaggerate or

lie!" He told me he was 55 years old and he didn't want to say another word to me. We walked in the courtroom and took our seats. I had a plan that was daring and risky. I had to unleash it fully during my closing argument! That was my chance at winning this trial. That was my chance at winning the jurors' hearts and mind's and whatever other internal organs could give us the victory. At my closing argument, my words wouldn't be objected to by opposing counsel or deemed irrelevant by the judge I'd hoped. The other lawyer started out by making the obvious claim that this was a frivolous lawsuit. They kept saying: 'The contract' and 'the production numbers' were all they needed to prove there shouldn't be any liability on their end for ruining Emmet's life. That pissed me off, but I felt at the time that became their weakness. They had zero imagination. And furthermore, if anyone was going to ruin Emmet's life, it would be me. Anyways I'm getting off topic... So I go up, and admittedly, yes I started out with sympathy. I addressed the court: "All living organisms in this courtroom today, you have a legal obligation to listen to these boring trials and depositions that are less than scintillating to begin with. I implore you to stay awake, and just listen to what makes more sense. Me, and the victim of a greedy company's scheme? Or these folks repeating the same words about a contract and their right to pick favorites within a company? You will be hearing from me, the truth behind the reasoning for Emmet Stormwrath's demise, NOT from them!" I started out with some minor jabs, the real damage was my final shot at the closing argument.

Emmet was called to the stand. I wanted to try and diffuse as much of their possible counter-arguments power as I could. So I treaded lightly on Emmet saying: "Good morning, now I'm going to remind you that you are under oath. How old are you sir?" He replied to the court: "I am

55 years old." I continued: "Good. And so when you were let go of your employment there, was it just because of you? Was there any other contributing factors or human beings that caused your separation?" Emmet looked deep into my eyes. I think he was starting to realize my strategy, not knowing that it had virtually nothing to do with my plan. He was definitely excited and amped up. Emmet told the court: "Yes as a matter of fact, a 22 year old kid replaced me. Exactly one year to the date he started." He was following my trail perfectly! Can you believe we never even practiced this testimony beforehand? I got somewhat carried away at this part. I continued: "How ironic, this 22 year old was the exact opposite of being ostentatious, yet now he IS because they screwed up and fired you instead? So this 22 year old dilettante was able to come into the story JUST in time conveniently to give the company management a less evil justification to fire you? Is this a conspiracy in your opinion?" The other lawyer stood up and yelled: "Objection! This isn't a criminal case or some kind of bodily harm-inflicted case for God's sake! You can't call this a conspiracy your honor!" Before the judge could speak on the objection I had an idea I had just thought of on the spot. I spoke before the judge could to say: "Side bar, your honor?" So the judge motioned his fingers for us to approach their bench. I was happy that the objection by the other lawyer was never spoke on so it could remain in the jury's heads! The judge quietly asked the other lawyer: "Is it true at least that your clients fired the man and did technically replace him with the 22 year old?" The other lawyer said: "The timing makes it seem that way, but it wasn't a crime to do so! These companies live by contracts like these for a reason to replace the weak with the stronger!" The judge kept moving his head back and forth to look at both of us in the eyes. He said: "I'm going to allow it, if it's not as bad as Mr. Yootipopper is making it out to be than you can disprove it. And

furthermore Powen, there will be no more use of the word conspiracy in my courtroom today! You both may not use conspiracy as an angle of factual or exculpatory evidence for either side! Are we clear on that!" I nodded my head in agreement. I couldn't help but feel like I started out strong but that I was fading. The other lawyer went for the victory during his cross examination. He told Emmet: "How much did you produce that one year?" Emmet looked terrified, like he just saw someone die and he couldn't save their life. He answered: "A tad over 500 units..." The other lawyer continued: "That's it! That's not a very high number is it!? In fact, was that even a high number considering your history with the company?!" Emmet looked even worse after hearing that, I was hoping he wouldn't cry. Emmet answered: "No, my previous years I produced more units..." The other lawyer looked pissed off and confident. He continued: "Emmet, how much did the 22 year old produce? Oh your not gonna answer? Your gonna act like you don't know? You are under oath so I could get you in trouble for lying? You know what I'll withdraw my last statement because luckily, whether you'll admit it or not, I know the answer anyway. The 22 year old in the same one year's time managed to make over 2,000 units! Is THAT the real reason why we're here?" Emmet was seriously so sad I wanted to just pay himself at that point. Emmet replied: "He did do better than me, for one year. I've put in many years there. The reason we are here is because I shouldn't have been let go! That kid was possibly an excuse for them to fire me." Their lawyer answered right back with no hesitation saying: "Paranoia must be something bad that runs in your family! You called that an 'excuse' but your not seeing how that is only benefitting you since you made it to trial with that idea? One last question, how do you sleep at night?" I stood up and loudly and said: "Objection! Your honor this is ridiculous! Abhorrent! How do we know what night he's referring to discovering about Emmet's sleeping patterns? And how do we even know if nighttime is even the part of the day that he goes to sleep during? This is an attempt to confuse the jury!" The judge sustained my objection and ordered a short recess. I felt terrible, I felt as though I was getting absolutely destroyed in there. For the first time in my prestigious existence, I felt bad for someone else other than me. Their lawyer had a damn good attack and response for everything that I tried to diffuse prematurely. It was NOT going well. I had a thought at the time, that even if I exclude my final plan, the only way at this point that I could have a chance at winning, is if I had some kind of irrefutable empirical evidence that can't be denied. The jury would need to hear something that they know is true and not doubtful. Something they could figure out themselves without me, although I'd be cunning enough to point them in the right direction.

Their lawyer showed the jury highlighted key points in the company's contract. He was basically going for overkill. To establish a reasonable and understandable causal nexus for how the firing of Emmet was acceptable, beneficial, ect. All while discrediting me at the same time. I will say this was feeling like my first battle that I lost BEFORE it was even over. I wasn't confident in my plan but I was going to give it my greatest effort. It was my time for the closing argument. I saw Gordon sitting in the back of the courtroom. Emmet looked down at the table when I started my closing arguments for him. It wasn't until I reached the climax of my speech that he looked up at me. I told the court: "Look, I'm going to tell all of you a true story. You will now understand why this was a travesty, and NOT a frivolous lawsuit, by any means; except the means of them being mean in the first place. Their company purchased some more offices, it massively dented their budget. They then

coincidentally hired a young man and exactly one year later fired my client. AH AH! Hold on judge, I know what you are about to say, and stop me if I'm wrong, but I will say it first... this trial isn't about the company's budget choices, so they were free to buy those other properties for offices. They were entitled to hire that young man, it was not a conspiracy of any sort. They didn't do anything wrong, they are allowed to do those things and I am not about to argue that the company devised some evil plot. That's not what this trial is about. So truth is, I misheard Mr. Stormwrath when he talked about there being something wrong with the purchase. Only I thought I heard him say that there was something wrong with the Perch's, as in the Perch fish population. I went to check on them for misguided reasons to see what happened to them. You know what I learned about them? One thing, they have a short life span. That made me think about this case too. And another thing that made me think about this case is how God awful my boss sitting over there in the back is at math. Those two things spoke to me about this case. It's time to get an education, and to fully understand and grasp what this case is REALLY about. Because none of us today have said it. It's a math problem. One that is solvable, I might add. Get it? Math problem I might add!? Haha okay sorry that was wack. Anyways, if you do this calculation, it proves that time does go by faster as you get older. Whether you view the concept of time as linear or non linear that's erroneous and not important as is the math evidence that cannot be refuted, but can be applied by anyone in this room, not just me the speaker. Let's say your cognitive memory begins at age 5. In one year's time that elapses, that individual will obviously become 6 years old. But how much time has passed folks? The first thought is of course 365 days. But it's more importantly... 20%. That's right, 1 year out of 5 is 20% that's a big amount. Now let's take a look at the 22 year old that was hired one and worked for exactly a year. One year of his life equates to: 4.5% of his life. Is that a lot? You would of course return your mind's to the previous installation proxy of the cognitive ability beginning at age 5 to say, ugh no! That's not a lot of his life at all, I mean c'mon that's less than 5%! However, the truth is, you need to do the math for Emmet. He stated under oath that he is 55 years old. One year of time is what the company harshly and methodically judged him for in order to form their opinion that he needed to be fired. But look, let's do a simple kindergarten math equation... one year of time for a 55 year old is 1.8% of THEIR life! That's less than half! Which also means that the 22 year old's 'one year of time' is over double the percentage! Therefore the truth is a sad story but a relevant one to this case. Emmet DID do better! One year of time due to his age is a lot shorter amount of time and goes by faster than a 22 year old's year of time! The company let go of the wrong employee! Hey I'm not saying it was on purpose? The company was expecting equanimity from my client. But let's keep in mind, there's no conspiracy here, I'm sure everybody makes mistakes? Human beings are known for being gregarious right? But even without the math, tell me this old people... why DOES time seem to go by faster as you get older? It's because your feelings are correct, it does. What's a year to someone who has had so many of them? Not much, and nothing new. My client accomplished more probably because that year of time went by much faster and that's what the company was supposed to look for, production times of the units. Thank you, and feel free to double check my work with a calculator while your all deliberating." I sat down next to Emmet with an amazing feeling of success. I managed to throw in my argument basis without the judge getting mad at me. I was able to be sneaky and cunning enough to work my way around the word 'conspiracy!' In it's place, I still somehow made it feel like that company's

management was guilty! Even with the obvious blunder of conveying the units that Emmet failed to push even half of that 22 year old's amount... I still found a way to make them realize that Emmet was able to complete his productions faster! Emmet didn't whisper a word to me while we waited.

Finally the moment had come! They decided in favor of US! We did it! We took those assholes out for firing a poor old man! Serves them right! Emmet finally started crying for a good reason when he hugged me. We were rich now I tell ya! Gordon came up to me and shook my hand. He confessed something to me: "Powen, I cannot believe that you won this trial... I wanted to say that I'm sorry for doubting you. And that's not all. I'm also sorry that I tried to arrange to have you murdered tonight. But when you won I decided to call it off. And that's an expensive cancellation fee! Anyways good job and I am looking forward to seeing your next one, whether I get to second chair or not." Just when I thought I couldn't get any more surprised about anything! I let Gordon know: "Thank you I accept your apology but I cannot believe you doubted me! I'm the greatest of all time!" I was furious on the inside! The nerve... the inhumanity of someone to have doubts about me winning! My methods are typically flawless! My fame from this case was infinite... but what came next was unforeseeable.

Chapter 4: A Case For The Ages!

I was on top of the social media world. I had so many people contact me about cases and lawsuits. I was on my own personal vacation. I realized something bad about myself, I could only aim higher. I found myself mentally unable to accept a new case if it wasn't bigger than my last one. I was not happy at all. I couldn't find myself able to get over that mental block. Someone told me maybe I should go to therapy to find a way to be happy. I thought, huh? I make everyone else happy and I'm rich? It's a win-win hahaha dummy! Well, the time came. The gargantuan, behemoth trial that every lawyer dreams about came to my desk! Not my table though, my desk. There's a monumental difference. The lady's name was Madeline Barton. We had some things in common: a ton of money, and we were the same age. She went for the biggest lawsuit in this country's history, and I was ready for the job! We were going to sue the Board Of Education! Madeline arrived and went straight to business. She took a seat on my chair in front of me with her briefcase. She said: "Mr. Yootipopper, your life as a lawyer has led you to this moment. I was shocked and appalled when I saw how much student loans I had to pay! They actually increased my interest rate without telling me! I am a victim here, but I am not gonna stand back and take this!" I nodded my head and asked: "Now, just to be fair and impartial, you are implying that you aren't going to take that abuse from them sitting as well? I noticed you said standing when you were sitting?" She had a reaction that was a very first for me in my lifetime... instead of the usual swearing or threatening, she laughed. Somebody... laughed, at me? That's really cool! So she says to me: "No I'm done though, I'm going for their throat, they need to pay for what they did! I shouldn't have to pay all of this debt! I got straight A's! I graduated with honors! Nothing on my record, no disciplines or anything at all! I want this trial to end with them being heartbroken and hurt!" I was just beginning to suspect that money was the motivation for this case. I had to let her know how I was feeling: "Holy shit Madeline, I am starving! So hungry... Well as far as the case goes, I am excited about it! This will be fun! I hated my student loans. I paid them off day 1,

and they still sent me letters saying I was due for the next month? Like really? You people are greedy! What was I supposed to do you dipshits? Pay a few hundred dollars a month over a period of several years? Totally nonsensical!" I said that figuring a rich person like Madeline would understand. She spoke up saying: "Well... that all being said, what's the plan here?" I had a very serious feeling about this particular interaction. Normally I'm not very serious about anything except when I was in the courtroom or trying to solve a murder... but this was different for me. I felt like this was an important issue to work on right away. I cleared my throat and told Madeline: "It is extremely important that I get to the bottom of this right away! I am still quite hungry, I'm going to grab and consume some comestibles from my refrigerator... Anyways, I don't know if you knew this, but I once tried to be a whistleblower for the fraudulent systems in place for the Board Of Education. I graduated with honors at the top of my class at Harvard University in 2 different ways! One way because I had the best grades ever in recorded history of human beings; another way because the graduating class picture of that year had everyone standing in order alphabetically starting from the bottom, so I was on the top at the farthest corner since my last name starts with the letter 'Y.' You think the F.B.I. or in case you are unaware the Federal Bureau Of Investigation would take me seriously but instead they sent me a letter laughing and insulting me. I wasn't too mad though because those charlatans made me rich again when a lawyer helped me sue them for that letter. So I will start by getting other experts to corroborate my research. Next I will need to attack these contracts for student loans themselves! I will put copies of them on the wall and play darts with them, sometimes I land on a word that sparks and illuminates my imagination with the simple tapestry of the fundamental and recreational system in place to alleviate myself from potential blame or liability to foment upon myself bestowed by using the darts themselves as a proxy." Madeline looked like she was watching her dog die. She said: "Wow... well shouldn't you be more focused on... Never mind. I've seen you work miracles in the courtroom so I will not question your methods. Just promise me that your going to do your best to win this?" I strongly insisted to her: "YES! Absolutely! Winning cases in court is my only source of happiness that I receive in life anymore. Which is also why I do not take pleas or deals." Madeline made her eyes open really wide. She was continually becoming more intrigued by every answer I came up with. This was the biggest surprise in my lifetime, she was finally another living organism that hasn't responded with negativity towards me? On that note, she let me know by saying: "Aw that's really sad! I'm sorry to hear that Powen. Well, let me just say, I do not understand your ways of going about things, or even half of the words you say, but I admire you. I've loved watching your recent career, it brings me joy! You actually make a lot of us want to believe in the justice system again, your like a hero!" I was really perplexed to hear such positivity with me being a part of the conversation. I told her: "Thank you, that was some of the kindest words anyone has ever said to me. Besides: 'Here is your money, what bank account would you like me to wire it to?' Your words just now are a close second favorite of mine." She put her hand on my hand and was about to say something. I didn't want to get harmed so I said: "There's armed security on every corner of this building, if your trying to vanquish me from the living world, I suggest you pursue me after work. I get off at 4 o'clock central time today, I don't have any weapons on me so it would be much easier." She covered her mouth with her other hand and started laughing. Again with this laughing stuff, what is happening in my life? She wasn't being so rude or cold to me like everyone else. With the obvious exception of what I believed

was a murder attempt that just took place. I have to be honest, this woman was making me happy. She started explaining: "Haha look! I can't really tell when your joking or when your serious. I just wanted to show you some affection, it seems like your missing it in your life! And no I was not trying to harm you at all, I promise." I was instantly relieved! I let her know my feelings. I said: "Madeline, thank you very much for the gesture. I personally don't know how to joke, I can only be serious. It's a permanent curse, along with my cursed ears that hear things incorrectly and then trick my brain into following that aforementioned incorrect path. But most importantly, thank you Ms. Barton for not murdering me. No offense to you and your political stature, but I was always hoping that when I DO die, since it will most likely be a murder anyhow, that it would be from the hands of a very prominent prestigious figure that I made angry so that at least my assassination can make the news." Madeline opened up her eyes very widely again. She eagerly blurted out: "Hey no way it's alright, your very serious and I can respect that. In fact, it's honorable if I do say so myself. So listen, what do you say we spend the evening at your house tonight... I think we could both use each other's company?" I am going to tell you, whomever reads this, I am embarrassed to admit what my response was to this question. I seriously had to stupidity to say: "Why? Don't you have a house? Oh no are you homeless? Oh and you are already using my company because this law firm I work for is my means of helping you with your upcoming trial. So what company do you associate with that I could ascertain for some use?" She was so exhausted with this conversation. I couldn't pin-point that she was just saying she wanted to see me outside of work for non-business related liaisons! I hate these damn cursed ears! So she hesitantly said: "No Powen, I didn't mean anything like that. I just... well I like you! I want to get to know you better! So what do you say? May I spend tonight with you?" I was pleased with the way she spoke, I couldn't positively determine hatred beyond a reasonable doubt for once. I told her the sad truth: "We could, I would enjoy that, but I don't remember where my house is. I feel so stupid to admit that to you Madeline but I've spent so much time at this office I truly don't remember where I am registered to live at as a legal occupant. I would suggest we stay here, but clients are not allowed after hours. So may I venture to your building of residency instead? Is that acceptable?" She heard me say that and made a huge smile and agreed! So for the next few weeks I was spending my nights at her condominium, while working during the daytime at my office and such. But no need for me to go into copious amount of details about those events and endeavors.

Chapter 5: Take Your Worst Shot!

I was happy with the result of our early court proceedings. When I tell you this case was big, I sincerely mean it was monumentally fucking huge. Due to the sheer amount of money we were talking about here, the judges shot it up to the Supreme Court! I was thrilled to be at the best place in the history of law! I was told by my firm that I had no case at all. I was told I was fired, which I didn't take seriously. I was able to get this far because me and Madeline are rich and we could handle the insane fees for this case. I know you readers obviously just want me to talk about the Supreme Court case, but I had something on my mind first that I had to deal with. It was about Madeline. I didn't have anyone to talk to about it, and I didn't want to talk to a stranger. So I ended up going to my law firm to speak to Gordon. He welcomed me with the following words: "Powen! I hate you! I hate what you've

done to this firm! People are going to look at us CRAZY when they see how much money you've wasted on getting to the Supreme Court for a bullshit case! And I told you Powen you are fired you don't work here anymore! Get the fuck out of my office you bloody cockroach!" I took a deep breath and said: "Hey relax, if I win in the Supreme Court would you cancel my firing?" He pointed his eyes to the right side quietly for a second. He had to think, which takes him some time whereas I just answer immediately. He very quietly uttered out: "Ugh yes, you imbecile... I would. So fine are you happy? Now what the hell do you want from me now?!" I told Gordon: "Well... I need your opinion on something, something new. It's like a brand new complex subject for me. I extend extreme adulation for this woman I've spent many nights with. I'm anxiously waiting to see her every morning and merely spotting her coruscant accoutrements... brings out my conviviality! I find myself gasconading about her personality, while viewing her as an osculator paradigm! She makes me feel fortuitous to be in presence, she gives me comfort with little effort! My priorities of my jurisprudential career practices juxtaposed with this woman pale in comparison! My reverence for her knows no boundaries! Just knowing that I get to spend time with her makes me feel prosperously delighted! I am more intrepid to be in a relationship with her then to become rich and lavash in an opulent manor of satisfaction! My entire body transforms into a happier person as a whole when I speak to her! I strongly feel over-encumbered with positive emotions! What I am trying to ask you is... what is this that I am describing? Because I have never felt this way before?" Gordon looked so surprised when I explained this to him. He almost started to cry. He moved himself up forward on his seat and said: "Why Powen, that is so beautiful! You are falling in love! That's it! You should think long and hard about when and how to propose to her and ask her to marry you!" When I heard Gordon say all of that to me I was in a daze. I screamed at him: "OUTRAGEOUS! How infuriating! That is what this love is that people do and talk about? What a colossal waste of time! Total hogshit! How would I have time for that? After this trial me and her are finished!" I walked away annoyed and I slammed the door. What made this interaction even more impressive was that the door had a door-stopper on the wall and it broke off when I did that. Safe to say I was mad! I couldn't dwell on it for too long though, I had the Supreme Court to attend now!

I was so excited to see the Supreme Court! I've never seen such a beautiful place! I was let down by the smell though, ugh it was disgusting! So I walked into the hallway where I met Madeline. She was sitting on a bench looking extremely nervous. She jumped out of her seat when she saw me come in. She spoke before I even had a chance. She excitedly told me: "Powen! Oh my goodness we are really here! I never thought I would see this moment. This is our time to show them what's right here! So, how are you?" I told her the hard truth about the situation as harshly as I could. I told her: "I'm doing great, I had sex this morning! So you should already know that silly. Anyways just remember, if I get a chance of getting you to speak, make sure you sound honest. This is the most important aspect of this day. This is why I didn't practice this with you or go over notes. You absolutely must sound genuine and as if they put a gun to your head and forced you to sign up for countless student loan debt! Which brings me to my next point, I've crafted a punctual hand written suicide note. If this case is a defeat for us, and if I feel as though it was your fault that I lost, then tonight I will kill myself and frame you to look like the clear blame for it. I've added a lot of personal information about you

that only I would know which I've acquired from our time together. So go ahead and use that as motivation to speak like a champion out there! Go straight to the facts, but be clear that the amount of debt makes no sense at all! Got it?" Madeline was about to cry. I felt bad but then I reminded myself that she hired me to do a job, it's like there was a possibility of her caring about me. She switched up her tone saying: "Fine let's just get this over with, I hope you know what your doing!" But little did she know, I never truly know what I'm doing. We took our spots and the readings began by the most prominent courtroom attendants in the country! The other side began by berating our case. They told the Supreme Court Justice's something like this: "It's plain and simple, she, along with thousands of others, signed up for these loans! It's rudimentary, they know, they read, they assume the risks of gathering debt. There was no fraud committed here, this is just a wild example of someone who has so much money that they can use it to get all the way up here to the top! She knows she's paid all of her student loans off and shes just mad because she didn't want to pay any more of the interest! To reiterate, you read these contracts, and assume everything that it entails!" I was actually very nervous at this point. I had 3 options for which strategy I was equipped with, but which choice to use? What really made me distraught at this point is how boring the Board Of Education's lawyer is. If he is that boring than will the Supreme Court listen to me or try and rush this case out of the building? I went with the wrong option to start things off. I told them: "Isn't that in itself, the basis of this dilemma? These people speak on behalf of the 'Board Of Education' but they do not, and can not speak on behalf of education itself! They tell the new learners to quote 'assume the risks you read about in this contract' unquote and yet, what are they missing? Anyone? Oh sorry I have the floor solo, I see, I will enlighten you all today. They have assumed that every new, even brand new student, has the ability to read and comprehend! That is incomprehensible and irresponsible! Not everyone knows how to read, but they like the idea of getting money to go to schools to THEN learn things such as high scholarly subject matter and the basics of reading!" The other lawyer didn't even get the chance to object. The spokesperson on the far left side basically objected for him. They were not happy, this is what they unfortunately said: "Order! This is NO place for fun and games Mr. Yootipopper! Contract laws are in place for a reason! You can not, and will not, make a mockery of this room by trying to substantiate fraud by simply saying some people are unintelligent! Unacceptable, is that all? Or are we moving on to the next point?" I have to say, I was feeling discouraged about my chances after that. I had to go with another option. I calmly asked: "Understood, now I would love for you to hear from Madeline Barton, proceed!" She cleared her throat and made sure to project her voice far enough so that every member of the Supreme Court could hear her. She told the room: "I'm not going to take this from them. I was just a student who wanted to achieve academic success! And you know what, I did! Straight A's, graduated with honors, at the top of my class. You think that would get me something, I'm like a walking advertisement for what good schooling can do! But no, instead they charged me MORE interest after I paid the loan off!" I cut her off because I thought of a leading question. I asked her: "So Madeline, what your telling me is that you are basically the best kind of student? Right? You paid off your loan right away, which should've been something positive in their eyes, correct? But instead, they made you pay even more? Is that what your testimony is?" Madeline nodded her head and told them: "Yes! I thought I'll get this loan paid off as soon as humanly possible and focus on my career goals, but nope that was halted." I jumped in right away again to say: "So you are basically like the

world's greatest student, and on top of that you pay off your loans right away, and get punished for that?" Now at this moment, I truly did feel like I was making great strides for a positive influence on them! Yet, it was literally all for nothing. They yelled at me again! This time the member second to the right screamed at me: "Order! I see exactly where this is going! And it will not be tolerated! Emotions have no place in the courtroom! You will not go any further with an emotionally dragging testimony! Now is there anything else you can say for case of fraud?!" I was feeling so discouraged at that point. I had only one plan left, and it was my weakest choice. It's a plan that I had tried in the past, but it failed. I kept composure and continued to look confident on the outside to make it seem as if I was still indeed confident. My last plan was worth a shot! All or nothing! I addressed the room saying: "Emotions have no place in the courtroom. I just thought I would preface the main point, which is the fraud itself. I would like to point to the evidence that came out in my trial where I defeated the F.B.I. while I was being bullied for whistleblowing against the Board Of Education." The other lawyer threw his hands in the air and loudly yelled: "OBJECTION! There is no relevance to this! They clearly don't have a case!" The Justices looked at each other, the one in the middle announced: "That court case is public record, and ties the Board in directly, it is technically admissible as evidence." The other lawyer was very pissed off. He pointed at that Justice and demanded: "Your honor that evidence in that trial wasn't even directly aimed at us! It was just responding to some insult towards Powen! You can't be serious!" The Justice folded his hands together and replied: "I will take this under advisement, but we are going to hear this through, it IS public record." Their lawyer sat down flustered. I began to address the Supreme Court again. Madeline couldn't take her eyes off of me. I told the room: "I was once attempting to be a whistleblower. But one thing you may have underestimated, I didn't do that alone. I had hired other experts in linguistics, computational linguistics, semantics, English Literature, and the list goes on. I needed to be sure, that I was right about my suspicion. And I was all along. I did the honorable thing and tried to warn the Federal Bureau Of Investigation, they sent me a signed letter calling me a dumb fish. Now this isn't about me, I know, but there's a reason that this needs to be said. Nobody is above the law, the F.B.I. thought they were, they knew that me and my experts were telling the truth, but they insulted me instead. Now it's my turn! The experts I mentioned that I had hired for their opinion, all of like mind, concluded the following... the English alphabet proceeds in this order. It goes A, B, C, D... and most critically to make clear here... E THEN F! These people had the nerve to call me names but didn't realize that I was the smart one! The grading system for schools in this country developed by the Board Of Education sitting over there are flawed and therefore fraud! A systemic monumental miscalculation, coming from the people who claim they are about education! The grades for classes go like this: A is usually 90% to 100%, B it usually 80% to 89%, C or average is usually 70% to 79%, D is usually 60% to 69%, and F or failing the class is usually 59% or lower! This is seriously damaging to the integrity of the Board and the students themselves! The highest percentile of failing grade students receive an F grade, which is 59% or less in most cases. See if they wouldn't have failed to administer the grade in place for E, this wouldn't matter at all! The letter E grade should have been for 50% to 59%! The F grade would follow underneath that range! Think about what I was saying as a whistleblower, the averages of students grades would look much better in comparison to how they look now with this flawed structure! They would have a much harder time failing their classes! And best of all which can NOT be under-

looked, a student who has a C average would now look a lot smarter than they were! So it doesn't take an expert to understand what the motivations were behind this, it is simply to make it easier in a skewed way for students to fail! If they fail, they have to try the classes again and pay out even more loan debt! It's a provable money scam as well as a substantiation and a causal nexus of fraud!" The Supreme Court members went back into their chambers. Madeline looked up at me and said: "Well, no matter what happens, I was happy to see you do your thing in person! If we lose I won't be upset because, even though I questioned your style, I know in my heart that you tried your best. I suppose what I am trying to say is, thank you Powen." I didn't even get a chance to respond because the doors opened back up. They came out and made their final announcement. They addressed us all saying: "We hold the foundation of education to a very high standard. If your Board can make a huge profit, it shouldn't be any of my business, how it is made, as long as the public has their right to be serviced schooling and loans to afford it. However, since fraud was clearly overlooked here, backed up by the fact that Powen's previous trial about this was court-ordered in his favor and remains public record... we are ruling in favor the one who will become educators to our society in the future, hopefully this'll be a good lesson for you all. We hereby order the Board Of Education to clear out 100% of all current and pending student loan debt. You may administer new loans to future students once this grading scale is adjusted properly. WE ARE ADJOURNED!" Madeline squeezed me so hard I started to suffocate. She was thrilled! So was I, the look of defeat on their faces was really funny. Madeline pulled out her phone and asked me: "So, how do you want your payment? Cash? Card? Check? Transfer?" I had to warn her about cash. I said: "NOT CASH! Anything but cash! I have bad experiences with cash! One time my boss Gordon wanted some change, but he foolishly asked me if I could 'break a 20?' I had no idea what he meant so I told him yes and took his 20 dollar bill and broke it into tiny little pieces. Hey, you know what Madeline, just keep my fee. I don't need it where I'm going. Just put money on my books and for commissary." Madeline was frozen with confusion.

Chapter 6: Celebration In A Cell!

Madeline was feeling sad and lost. She wanted to know what I meant, but I didn't want to tell her. I just got something to eat alone, went in my car and drove home. I got in the door and Madeline greeted me saying: "Powen! Thank goodness you came back, will you please talk to me?" I was frustrated and I vented my feelings out loud: "Oh dammit this is your house! That's right, I forgot I don't remember where my house is!" Madeline pretty much ignored what I said and pulled me in front of the news program on television. It was championing my victory. They were calling me a hero. They interviewed like 30 people in a row. They all thanked me for clearing their debt and some of them even cried tears of joy and relief. But this didn't help me, nothing would. I was doomed to be sad after this case. Madeline asked me: "What's wrong? Your a hero! The whole world loves you and what you did! Your my hero too! Please will you talk to me?" I took a moment to compose myself. I sat down and told her: "Madeline, I'm sad because the way my brain works, I can only do better and better. Since I just won the greatest victory in the history of law, I'm done and it's over. I need to go back to prison and this sucks." Madeline dropped her glass cup. She got down on her knees next to me and frantically said: "Why? Why do you feel like you have to go there, what in the world

are you talking about?" I tried to explain to her: "Look, I can no longer practice law. It's over, I've done the biggest possible case. So I need to go back to prison, because that's the last place where I got my inspiration from. And I will find out there what my next career should be through the process of enigmatic nature. And I'm scared." Madeline put her arm around me and said: "Why do you have to punish yourself? And of course your scared prison is a scary place!" I had to laugh at that. I told her: "Hahaha that's funny! You misunderstood me, I'm not scared of prison, I'm actually really good at prison. I'm scared of figuring out how to get there. I need to find a way to get sentenced to prison, but with a clean conscious. I don't want to hurt anybody, or like, steal from anyone. So I have to think of a way to go to prison for something that I did by accident, but how? Thinking is what scares me, do you have any ideas?" She started to cry. She cried all over my shoulder. I snuck some napkins off of her table to dry up the wet spots from her tears. She pleaded with me: "Powen, please, I love you! I have no shame in admitting it! Let me take care of you, I want to be with you forever! We can make this work!" I started to think, could she really be crying because she loves me and I'm terrible? I told her: "So all that being said, I need to have a job to support you and provide for you. No little odd jobs. There's a reason the word is 'provide' and not 'amateur-vid' right? So I need my inspiration for a career from prison again. Okay? I'll see you soon as I get another job, unless I forget how to find your house. I'll get a tattoo of your phone number and address, bye love you too see you soon!" I walked very fast out of there so she couldn't keep on distracting me. Although I did go to the tattoo shop. While I was getting my lower back tatted... I had a thought of how I could technically commit a heinous crime, but by total accident! This would allow me to keep a clean conscious! The tattoo guy said a hyperbole about shit. That made me think... shit... that's it! I need to shit! I had the plan to get the job done! I had to carefully and methodically plan out this path that would lead me to accidentally committing a bad crime! I went over to the Internal Revenue Service building with some power tools. I used my drill to take off the sign that says: 'Office' and then I took off the sign that says: 'Men's Restroom' and switched them! So I went into the office where I deliberately put up the wrong sign showing the bathroom. I made sure to be in front of the cameras. I found a chair and took a shit!

Within hours I was arrested and charged. I told the officers: "Oops I thought that was the bathroom, that's what the sign says? I guess I made some sort of mistake!" I said it loud and clear with a smile. They said something about trespassing and vandalism in court, but I knew better, after all it was an accident! My conscious was clean! Nobody had to get hurt! I smiled and winked towards Madeline in the courtroom. I went with a public defender and they did an excellent job! I got 2 years in prison! I was eagerly waiting for the inspiration to come. Why was it taking so long? I was already in prison for a week. But the wait was almost over, I received the most shocking visit that I never could have imagined! I thought for sure it would be Madeline again for the third time. It was none other than... John Kratsworth! My boss who hated me when I became a detective! He hated how bad I was at being a detective and he was responsible for me going to prison the first time. He was right about true murderer and I was wrong...

John took a seat and started talking about his plan. He told me: "Look at me, listen to me, and shut up. I don't want to hear a word from you except 'yes' or 'no' okay? I cannot believe that I am saying this, but I need your help. There is a murder

case that I'm afraid is not going to be solved. I think I need your help." Just like that I felt the inspiration come to fruition! I didn't even take a moment to think about it. I hollered: "Yes! I am in! I can't wait to be a detective again sir! You won't regret it!" John proved that some traditions will always be continued... it took my very first sentence out of my mouth to make John get angry at me. He yells: "No dammit your a convicted felon! I can't have you as a detective on my payroll you fucking idiot! No, what I actually need from you, is to be a private investigator that I hire anonymously to gather some evidence illegally. I'm ashamed to admit this but, within legal methods my force has been unsuccessful. However, you could be a private investigator working for us secretly and illegally obtain evidence. Solving this murder is more important than getting the credit for it. So look, bail yourself out, and when you do, here's my card. You know where to hide it. Go to that address when you get out. Bye, see you soon, and we expect your full cooperation." As he walked away with the door shutting I quickly tried to yelp out the word: 'thanks!' to him. I was actually happy to get out of prison this time which is a surprise. People didn't trade cigarettes with me anymore or play detective with me like they used to. No instead they play this prison chess bullshit. I truly used to be enamored with the sport of chess, but this prison version of it is utterly ridiculous! I don't understand the damn rules and regulations! The pieces don't even look right, they're circular shapes instead of each piece being independent to the label! Players cheat by having them hop in corners with pieces that aren't suppose to! What I really hate is how they some how put me in checkmate by taking my pieces out, and morphing their other pieces together by stacking them on top of one another... they give themselves this super powered ability to go in whatever direction they please! I have no patience or tolerance for an unsophisticated recreational battle!

I put up my hefty bail and Madeline ended up visiting me to arrange picking me up soon. I thought that was a very interesting thought, but an exaggeration of sorts because I am considerably larger so I fail to see what she would accomplish by lifting me up in the air momentarily. I was so happy to see her outside of the prison! This is what every prisoner who gets out always holds on to hope for: a ride so you don't have to wait for the bus! Madeline put her lips on top of mine. I told her: "Thank you, but there's no need to implement the old fashioned and outdated C.P.R. on me, I am fully functioning currently. Now, I have the address for my new job that I need to be dropped off at! Take me there please!" Madeline put her hand on mine again while she drove. Her right hand must be exhausted from performing turn maneuvers I'm guessing. She asked me: "So first of all, I missed you! I never wanted you to go to prison but I wanted you to be happy. Now what's the job you've been hired for!" I put up one finger and waived it to say: "Oh no! I cannot tell! It's a private occupation, therefore I don't believe I am supposed to tell you. Sorry." Madeline became annoyed. She sarcastically told me: "You know what! Maybe if you'd only do the opposite of what your brain says you might actually understand this world a little better Powen! I thought we were in this together? I want us to last." Perfect! She did it! She said something that was so random, it just might work! I gleefully cheered: "You did it! Oh my word you did it! I can't believe I never thought of that before! From now on, when I have an important thought, I will do the opposite! That's genius! I can't believe it never occurred to me that this could work to counteract my cursed ears! Thank you so much! I love ya!" Madeline smiled and I saw a tear come down. We stopped at a stoplight and she put her lips onto

mine again. I gently pushed her away and continued saying: "I'm still breathing, I don't need to be resuscitated. And I take it that's why your crying you thought I was gonna die? Anyways, I am going to be a private investigator to help solve a murder! It pays too, but I need to be private because a felon can't be a detective on the payroll. Right there! There's the office, pull over and I'll see you soon." As I exited the vehicle, she had me perform C.P.R. to her lips. She wanted me to practice for like ten seconds.

Chapter 7: Back Down In The Backup!

John didn't even let me reintroduce myself or order any pizza for another murder. He just did the obligatory: 'shut the fuck up' and went straight to business. He told me the details: "Powen, this is the warehouse where a lot of stuff is built. I'm going to show you the security footage of the murder. As you can see by looking at the door against the wall... there is a cone holding it open. NOW! Did you see that? All of the lights went out in the building at the same time! And for just around a minute. When the lights are restored, that door is shut completely. The cone isn't there anymore, and behind the door is the body of Walter, a maintenance guy. This wasn't an accident, it was murder. Here's what makes this case so difficult. It's almost like the perfect crime, this happened the last day before a 2 week closing of the warehouse due to the upcoming holidays. This poor man with diabetes was stuck in a door that is malfunctioning, it does NOT open or respond to the normal keys except for the master key on the outside. So he was stuck in that room to starve to death for a few weeks. The one suspect is the custodian Mason, he has access to pretty much everything. What strikes us as odd is that everyone knows as a custodian to do a courtesy check before locking up the building at the end of the day and leaving. However, there is no obvious motive. The other main suspect is the president of the company Mr. Peck. He's on site that day too. But looking at the footage, you have no clue who killed poor Walter. Here's what we need from you, we need more evidence. We need you do something that none of us can legally do because of our restraints from the law. So, are you following me so far?" I was going to say 'following you, sure where are we going? And how far do you wish me to trail behind as I follow you only so far!' But instead I heeded Madeline's advice, I thought the opposite! The opposite of walking around somewhere is staying here! So I simply said: "Sure." And John continued: "Now, the evidence we did gather from available footage shows Mr. Peck there. However, Mason the custodian did clock in to work that day, where was he?. Motives are scarce, we would love to find out more. Powen, I am going to be totally honest, my plan for you is a painful one, physically. But I think you should just do it because you ruined a bunch of families lives and the guilt will never go away. We need you to sneak into Mr. Peck's office, we believe after our initial search he may have hid evidence off site, because our search warrant didn't produce much. So here's the plan: one of our own employees here, got a custodian job from the temp service for that warehouse. They only have the job for a little bit longer. He knows the layout of the building. He walks this giant obnoxious cart full of cleaning supplies around. We have a lucky break, he has to walk his cart next to an alley way where there is a sewer pot hole. I need you to go into the sewer, make your way over into the position right under that specific pot hole. Next, you will hear the cart roll over the pot hole, that's your signal to open it up, get in the cart to hide, close the pot hole cover, and remain undetected. From there the cart will be secretly taken to Mr. Peck's office. You will crawl from under

the cart and into his desk, he has 2 of them. You won't be put into the desk that he sits in so you don't become discovered. Once you're in the desk, you will wait there for as long as it takes to possibly hear some incriminating information or insight to the crime. After hours, sneak around and see what clues or files that you can possibly find. But you must return to hiding in that desk when the warehouse opens up for the next shift. Bring some small supplies and investigate carefully. We don't know enough about Mr. Peck, we would like to see if you can discover some of his scandals. Oh and wear gloves. Any questions?" Madeline's trick worked again! Before implementing the 'think of the opposite' trick, I would've said: 'what's wrong with Mr. Peck having scandals?' But clearly my cursed ears misheard and he actually said to see what's wrong with his candles! They must be stolen or have a unique smelling wax. Anyways, I was really excited about this! I felt like I got to be an operative on an operation! So of course I accepted the task. I packed a phone, headphones, snacks, pillows, blankets, and a picture of Madeline to remind me to think the opposite to think correctly.

The sewer was a terrible smelling world of which I've spent my entire life avoiding. I think Berry must've been here frequently. All I needed was a flashlight I mean it really wasn't that difficult to figure out where to go. Once I climbed up that pothole I just waited for about 3 minutes. Finally, I heard the bump! I opened up the pothole cover and snuck inside of the custodian cart. Laying down sideways I almost knocked off one of the bleach bottles. I almost forgot to silence my phone, but I heard someone talking on their telephone so it reminded me. Once we made it into Mr. Peck's office, the custodian was pulling out the trash bag from his main desk. The cart was adjacent to the other desk. I managed to sneak in it with my bag of supplies. I was excited! I thought this would be a fun reconnaissance mission! Almost felt like corporate espionage but not as much partying. Laying awkwardly inside of this desk is actually where and when I wrote everything in this book until this point.

I gotta say, I can understand why John was concerned about Mr. Peck's candles. I was smelling terrible from the sewer! So after he left for the night I lit a bunch of candles in his office so he wouldn't smell the bad smell once he returned. I looked through his phone answering machine, interesting... it told me that there was some deleted phone conversations. Where were they? I found the phone numbers that called. On a hunch, I thought I could call them back claiming it was for an investigation. These were so boring, just a bunch of orders and meetings! But one phone call stuck out to me. It was a political activist. He was sad to hear that Walter died. He said he talked to Walter on that phone the same day he died! We can't recover what the conversation was because it was deleted from the company's phone archives. But who deleted it? According to the activist, there was a possible strike against Mr. Peck that was going to take place. He also told me that Walter needed to gather a bunch of signatures to proceed. He was murdered or should I say forcibly trapped in that room DURING his lunch break! Well this makes one motive at least. Another thing I noticed was this master key, I wondered about something. Who would have access to it? And I was even more confused when I read the report on this case... there were no fingerprints on it. The next spot I investigated was this file cabinet with each paper stamped, signed, and dated. The part I was looking for were the work orders. I needed to know for a fact, with a moral certainty that there was a vending machine here somewhere because I was

starving. I found the next best thing, a clue. This work order dating just like a week or so prior says that the door with the opening mechanism that didn't work, was actually fixed. But... how? I knew this for a fact, the door was not fixed or Walter would've escaped. I looked at my picture of Madeline, it made me realize something. Think the opposite! So in other words, that door was only fixed ON PAPER! Not in reality! So nobody investigating this would suspect the door being faulty on purpose! Also the intention there was likely to prevent anyone from actually fixing it! There was another suspicion of mine. I called a bunch of electric companies in the area and asked them if there was any power shortages in the recent weeks. They all let me know that there were none. Not one spec of a reason to think that the cause of the lights going out was due to external reasons. There must have been someone on the inside doing it! On the work orders sheet it also confused me once again by showing that a current-pending, or incomplete, work order was for the lighting modifications on the laptop. WOAHH! Now I can't get logged in to the laptop because it is password protected, so I will never really know if the laptop can shut the lights off remotely yet or not. But another serious glaring issue is: who even has access to the laptop? Is the laptop logged in, and opened up for anyone to control all shift long on a daily basis? I really don't know. Well knowing all of this that I know now, I did the right thing... sort of. I handed over all of my stolen evidence to John's unit. What I didn't tell them was that I continued investigating!

I waited in the parking lot for the custodian Mason to show up. When he arrived I asked him about the work orders, he said it was complete so he never touched it. I asked Mason who would have access to the laptop. He claimed he didn't know what laptop I was talking about, although he could've been lying. I asked him who had access to the master key? He said quite frankly, he did, it was used daily! I asked if there were any other copies of the key? He said hell no. Wow, this was interesting, I needed to ask Mr. Peck a few things.

I walked into his office holding my little notepad. I announced: "Mr. Peck I need to speak with you, NOW." He sat down and arrogantly said: "Well sure thing, why not? What can I do for you?" I got straight to the point. I pounded on the side of his chair. I asked: "Why are your warehouse's work orders so inaccurate?" He looked as confused as I was. He answered: "With what? Can you be a little more specific!" I demanded back saying: "Work orders are things that need to be completed and are done so by..." He interrupted me, and damn my cursed ears did it again! He said: "No I'm not asking you what work orders are, I'm asking which ones are you referring to!" I replied: "Your papers, signed and dated claim that the killer door was already fixed, when it wasn't! And that the laptop, cannot shut off the lights, is that even true?" He said the predicable answer. He told me: "I was told they were done, so that's what I did, sign off on the ones that were done?" So this became a competition of his word against Mason's. I decided to ask him something that he may not know about. I asked: "What keys work on that killer door, sir?" He looked puzzled and said: "Um, apparently none of them? The damn thing wouldn't open otherwise we would've rescued Walter. He was a friend of mine you know!" I thought about Madeline and thought about thinking the opposite. Walter was probably not his friend at all! I yelled at him: "So how does the report know that the master key works on the door from the outside, but YOU don't, yet you also signed off on the work order about it?" He took a breath and said: "Look, I'm sorry this is

confusing for you, I simply take the information that I hear, and sign off on the work orders. If they weren't actually completed, then THEY are responsible! I'm a busy man, I can't check every detail!" I decided to press him on the main possible motive. I said: "Walter was your... friend? Why would he be requesting signatures against you? Organize a protest against you?" He started tapping his desk with his fingers. He told me: "So? That's his right? We always have disagreements that didn't mean we weren't friends detective! I just simply said that he wasn't allowed to ask for those during his shift while he is on the clock. If he wishes to do that when he is off the clock, by all means. Please, I have to do many negotiations." I figured, while I need to maintain that I am legally a detective, why not allow him to believe so. I told him: "Fine one more thing, where exactly were your whereabouts that week? Where else did you go? In fact, where were you when he was murdered?" He pointed to the security camera tapes. He yelled: "BE MY GUEST!" I asked him what kind of car he drove, it was an expensive brand new truck. I watched those tapes for several hours. I was getting phone calls from John and purposely ignoring them, Madeline was my background picture on my phone, so when someone calls my phone I see her face. When I see her face, I am reminded to think of the opposite. When someone calls me on the phone it says: 'Answer' highlighted. The opposite of answering a phone call is to ignore it. Anyways, I did see Mr. Peck's truck leave the office one day for awhile, what could that be for? I asked him and he simply claimed it was for a meeting. So did I believe him? No. Did Mason's car ever leave spontaneously for any reason? No. I decided I was going to take a look at Mr Peck's receipts. One was a fee for something at a hardware store. I asked him and he said: "Just another key for my truck, I only had one copy." Well I checked the times on the security footage for when he left the warehouse. I went to the hardware store, I had Madeline drive me. I asked her: "Hey you said you had to quote: 'do your nails' the other day, did you?" She answered: "Yup! Sure did." I was upset, I had to confront her: "Pull over the car, what were you doing at the hardware store on the 13th? What is your connection to Mr. Peck?" She didn't pull over the car but she did help me out. She said: "Uh, not those kind of nails, my fingernails, I got them painted." This utterly shocked me! I knew that on one hand you could buy nails at the hardware store for construction projects! Who knew that biological nails would be at a different store handled through a separate medium? More confused I became.

Once I arrived at the hardware store I went up to the first employee I saw. I demanded: "There was a murder! I am a detective, we have NO time to waste! I need to get this figured out now and I fully expect your cooperation! So please tell me where is the nearest lavatory so I can process a bowel movement?" He pointed to the door right next to me. Once I got out and washed my hands of course, I went back to him. I asked: "Alright lead me through the journey it takes to make a copy of a key." He walked me over to the kiosk machine. He explained: "You place your key in here. Next you need to fill out the questions on the screen. After that just put your payment inside here." I had been writing all of this down on my little notepad. I then asked: "Do you keep records of what is purchased? I have a timeline that I need to be looked up. Also, here is a picture, have you seen this man?" I showed him the picture of Mr. Peck. He responded: "Yes I remember seeing him. Now unfortunately, our kiosk's records only can show what the amount was. It doesn't show up anything specific. Let me see what was on that date... okay so it was \$22 for it." I then had to ask: "Is it, even remotely possible that a brand new truck, or

say even like a 3 year old new truck key, could be that cheap to make a copy of?" The employee laughed at me and said: "No not a chance. Probably just a house key or something." This was the revelation that I needed. I figured out what happened! Madeline said that she was being harassed by some cops. I walked outside and it was John and his crew! They were pissed at me for not answering my phone! John yells: "Powen, come with me! Now! That's an order." I shook my head in agreement. I walked slowly over towards their group. In a sudden burst of speed I stole Madeline's keys and ran into her car! I started the car and as I drove off I yelled out the window: "This perp is mine! I'm getting all the credit! Blow these nuts you bums!" They screamed at me and ran into their cars. I did feel bad about Madeline but I figured she knew I would give the keys back. Madeline called me... seeing her picture on my phone made me think to do the opposite of answering; but then it was her behind the call so I thought of doing the opposite of that... So I essentially did the opposite of not answering her call. I said: "I can explain! I solved the murder! I'm going to be the one to get a citizen's arrest! I'm going to get revenge on my boss for sending me to prison the first time! I'm sorry I stole your keys!" She cried and said: "Yeah but you... stole evidence you'll just go back to prison! Please can't we work this out!" I told her: "Hey don't worry! I got my next job all lined up! We can get married when I get out of prison this time! And I'll give you your keys back! Well I gotta go, I just hit the suspect with your car." I hung up the phone and jumped out of my car. I pushed Mr. Peck like 10 feet with my distracted driving. I pulled out my phone and started recorded a public live stream video with me and Mr. Peck in view. I grabbed him and said: "So you killed Walter because he was a threat to you! He received a call the day he was killed saying to collect signatures to protest against you! A phone call conversation that you deleted or had your secretary delete for you! You figured out a way to use your laptop to shut off the lights in the warehouse when he was on his lunch break! Then you shoved Walter into the one room where the door was busted and could not open from the inside, ONLY on the outside with a master key! The work orders showed falsely that the killer door was fixed so that at the end of the night nobody would think to check there for anyone! You then falsely put the work order for the lights control via your laptop as something that was unfinished, which was another lie! Right? The cone holding the door that was disposed of had your fingerprints!" Mr. Peck confidently replied: "I threw away a damn cone! It wasn't anything important?" I ignored him and continued: "And finally! You went to the hardware store to make a copy of the master key so that it would have no fingerprints on it, because people searching the warehouse with a warrant would assume that there was only the one original key!" Mr Peck. was coughing in pain and said: "First of all this man hit me with his car! And no I bought a copy of my truck's keys you idiot!" I walked over with the camera to his new truck and grabbed his truck keys in his hand. I looked back and forth at Mr. Peck and the camera. I said: "So this is your truck, yup these keys unlocked it, great. Now! If your right and I'm wrong, do one thing for me and I'll admit I was wrong about this murder investigation right now where I stand... since you said you made a copy of your truck key, I will hold on to this one copy of it, and all you have to do to be no longer considered a suspect... is to go ahead and start your truck... Oh? I will take your silence as a sign of guilt. Your under citizen's arrest! Get in my car your being charged with murder in the first degree!"

Once this all went down, John came barging in. He yelled at me: "You fucking fool! You screwed up this investigation!" I smiled and happily told him: "No Mr.

Kratswurth... I didn't screw it up at all, I stole it from you. I'm getting ALL the credit!" What's funny to me is that John, the District Attorney, AND the judge residing over this case all asked me the same question. They asked me if I was seriously proceeding to submit my evidence willingly, knowing it was stolen, in order to convict Mr. Peck, and face additional charges for hitting him with my car?! My charges were well worth it. I actually can say I solved a legitimate murder case, FASTER than the seasoned detectives!

I went back to prison again. Madeline agreed to marry me as long as I never go back to prison anymore. I promised her that I will not go back to prison ever again on purpose. After all of this time I finally found my true talent. I got a job as a tutor for law students! I made a steady income by offering help in every aspect of law through personal or online correspondence. I only had one rule for the students, if they ask a question, it better be very specific so I don't have my cursed ears interfere! Madeline and I lived a very quiet happy life. If we ever needed a divorce though, I know just the lawyer! The End